

The Boon Companion:

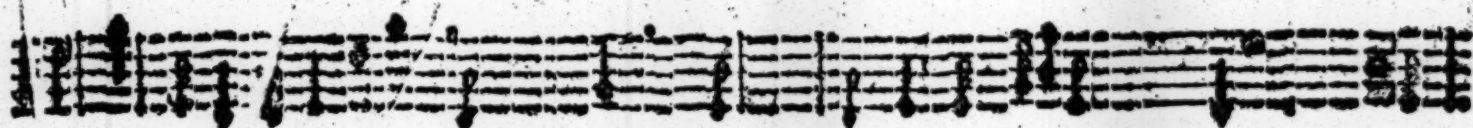
O R,

The Merry Lo'yal Boys of SUFFOLK's

JOVITL HEALTH.

To the Tune of, *Fond Boy.*

Licensed according to Order,



WE are the bold *Suffolk* boon-revelling Boys,
Who fill both the Taverns and Ale-house with
For the Liquor of life we do dearly adore, (noise;
When the Bottles are empty then we'll thunder for more
For to make our hearts cheerful we'll merrily sing,
With a rattling full bumper to *Cesar* our King.

We'll rise with the morning, keep pace with the sun,
We'll begin with a gallon and end with a tun,
For there's nothing like drinking to cheer up the soul,
Then about with a bumper, a cherishing bowl;
All the cares of the World are but madness you know,
We will drown them in Rivers where *Nectar* does flow.

A nimble brave *Tapster*, and bring us more beer,
Let no honest good fellows sit lazily here,
Here's a bumper to him that is true to his friend,
And there's more money got than we ever shall spend:
Therefore bring us a paper of excellent Fogo,
That we here may perfume the whole house with a hogo.

In matters of State we will ne'er be concern'd,
We're a pack of boon fellows who only have learn'd
Here the true way of drinking, and that is our pride,
Therefore let it come in like a full flowing tide,
And let them go to War that takes pleasure therein,
We do think it more safe to sleep in a whole skin.

Not the *French* they were landed, as some have recounted,
And tho' they had a hundred large Cannons all mounted,
Like *Lewis* of *France* for to head these fine Fellows,
At the devil a foot would we stir from the Ale-house,
But we'd ease man be arm'd with a pipe and a pot,
Thus we'd smother and drown the *Monsieur* on the spot.

If *Monsieur* should venture to come on this shore,
From the *Ale-house* & *Tavern* our bombs they should roar
While our smoke from the windows like vapors shall fly
Or a thick misty cloud shall darken the sky;
Thus we'd stand to our drink like each man to his gun,
And it is not the *French* that should make us to run.

Thus we are good subjects and friends to the Crown,
In letting good bumpers go merrily down;
And a new sort of Custom we constantly raise,
For the smoking his Nose e'ery good fellow pays,
Thus our smoking does cause the King's custom to
And the fuddling advances the Royal Excise, (rise,

We needs must acknowledge we take no delight
For to go to the *VV*ars there to quarrel and fight,
VVe had rather in love stay at home with our *VVives*,
And let them go that never did value their lives,
Yet we'll drink a full bumper now merrily round,
A good *Health* to the King with our knees to the ground.

Here's a *Health* to true hearts that are honest and just,
VVho was never unfaithful nor false to their trust,
Such as those we admire above any other,
I hope you will pledge this good health honest brother,
It is better for us to sit honestly frotting,
Than to live to be hang'd for Cabelling and Plotting.



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